

## Harvest Apples.

Pomona walks in the garden,  
She walks with stately mien,  
And in her mantle she carries  
Apples yellow and green.

They glow like the fabled fruitage  
Brought to Paris of old,  
As he stood on the slope of Ida  
And heard his fortune told.

She bears them netted in silver,  
Where sunbeams dance and play  
And thrushes are singing loudly  
Their carolous roundelay.

And butterflies black and scarlet  
Flit through the russet leaves;  
The cicada plies his labor,  
The early cricket grieves.

And splendid parterres of crimson,  
Blossoms of sunset dye,  
Incline their heads to the goddess  
Who paces slowly by.

And there in the glowing noontide,  
Disporting in his glee,  
Comes Eros, the mischief-maker,  
Disguised as a brown bee.

And he stings the dreamy goddess  
Upon her rosy lip;  
As she shrieks and drops her mantle  
Away the apples slip.

And the mellow harvest fruitage  
Is ours until this day;  
Pomona's favorite apple  
For love was cast away.

—New York Evening Post.

## THE COLONEL'S PROPOSAL.

I was giving the last artistic touches to a dress of my own construction, when a light, prolonged tapping assailed the back-door of my room. I knew that knock well.

"Come in!" I cried.

A woolly head, above a long white apron, showed itself at the aperture, and the owner thereof said:

"Miss Alice—he, he, he! here is a gemmen in de poller to see you," snicker, snicker, swallowed and smothered, followed this.

"Who is it, Toby?" I asked, solemnly.

"He's Colonel sumthin," Toby gasped, rolling his wonderful orbs.

"That's not at all definite," I went on, still more solemnly. "Can't you describe him, Toby?"

"Yes, Miss," grinning bravely; "he is de tall gemmen wid de quar eye," and Toby grabbed his woolly head with both hands and fairly shook with laughter.

"That is Colonel Little," I answered, reaching the superlatively solemn. "Toby, you should not laugh at a person for having *quar* looks, as you say."

"No, Miss," Toby submissively replied, looking as grave as a judge.

"Please, Miss Alice," he said, after I had given him my message, "please, Miss Alice, I've curious to know why Colonel Little ain't named Colonel Big, 'cause he's, O golly! awful tall!"

"Never mind. Go on down, Toby," and, as he closed the door, a rap on the opposite one was followed by the hasty entrance of Cousin Kate, her sweet face all awry with merriment.

"Oh! I shall die!" she managed to exclaim. "Cousin Alice, Col. Little is in the parlor. He has come to propose, I know he has. Think of calling at 11 o'clock in the morning! I know he has come to propose, or to ask you to go to Barnum's Hippodrome. He adores the Hippodrome," and Kate had another spasm of laughter.

"Gracious!" I shouted, tragically, "I hope it's the latter. I do want to see the Hippodrome, but I do not want Col. Little. Stop laughing, Kate, and tell me, must I change my dress?"

"No. You look very nice. Do hurry down; I know Colonel Little is disarranging every chair, sofa, and ottoman cover in the parlor, and they were all fresh last week. You know he always does it. Go! or mamma will tear her hair!"

"I shall pin him to the sofa," I said severely, as I took the shine off my nose with a little powder. "Don't you dare listen, Kate."

"That's just what I am going to do," she answered. "I know the *beau ideal* of an observatory—it is the landing on the stairs. I shall lie flat down there and look through the banisters right into the parlor. Oh! oh! oh!" and I left her with a scornful little shrug of my shoulders.

Cousin Lou waylaid me in the passage. "He has come to propose!" she said, her face ludicrous and scarlet.

"Got your answer ready, Sis?" called out a hoarse voice from the library as I passed its open door.

"Colonel Little has come to propose to cousin Alice," I heard whispered as I shot by grandmother's room.

From all this you may imagine I was fully prepared to have Colonel Little's fame and fortune, six feet two, and one eye laid at my feet.

I am sorry to destroy a romance by revealing that the Colonel had not lost one of his really fine gray eyes in the service of his country, although he had fought bravely for her cause. The loss

was occasioned by some accident when he was a boy. However, this is a digression.

"Good morning, Miss Allen," said the Colonel, rising to his tremendous height, as I entered the room.

"Good morning," I replied, looking up from my diminutive five feet two.

"I hope I have not selected an inopportune hour for my call, Miss Allen. I was up this way, and—in fact, I would come to see you every day if I dared," and he looked pathetically sentimental.

"Oh! if you came every day you would often miss seeing me, for I am often out during some part of every pleasant day," I answered.

"I am glad I found the courage to come this morning," pursued the Colonel, after a short pause; "for I have several important questions to ask you."

We were seated upon the sofa by this time, and I endeavoring to prevent the restless Colonel from twisting the damask cover into a string.

"Tell me," he continued, "don't they laugh at me in this house?"

"Laugh at you?" I exclaimed, in a voice of supreme amazement. It was well done, for how was I to answer yes or no to the question?

"Yes, laugh at me. I know they do, and because I come to see you so often. Of course they know I come to see you, for I come a dozen times now to where I came once before you were here. The fact is, you know, I find your society so agreeable, so fascinating. You are always kind and pleasant and never laugh at a fellow. You never make a fellow feel as if he was a fool."

"I hope not," I muttered, finding it difficult to suppress my laughter, as a faint titter from Kate on the stairs reached my ears.

"Now, I hope you find my society as agreeable as I find yours," said the Colonel, with a renewed assurance. Another titter from Kate.

"You have seen so much of life in many of its phases, that you can be very entertaining," I made shift to answer.

"Oh! thanks. I am glad you think so. But I want you to tell me, does any one here laugh at me to you, and try to prejudice you against me?"

I grew indignant.

"What an idea, Colonel Little! Do you think I can not judge for myself, and form my own opinion of people?"

"Of course you can," he said, as if this gave him courage. "I consider you a very superior woman, Miss Alice. I do really, you know. (Kate quite audible on the stairs.) I have been unfortunate. Circumstances have been against me. Indeed, I may say, I have been the sport of circumstances, the football of fortune, and people have found a great deal of fault with me for things I could not control."

The Colonel looked melancholy as he uttered this, and Kate again sent me a salute.

"That is often the case with the most of us, Colonel; but you are still a young enough man to profit by all your mistakes and retrieve all you have lost."

"I am glad to hear you say that. I am just what I think about it. I shall labor with new courage after this, for you have inspired me. I am fortunate in many things. Will you let me lay them before you? I have a good social standing as any man in the country. I have influential and wealthy friends, and none others. I have a pretty fortune myself; and I am not without distinction as an officer in the regular army. But you know all this, Miss Allen. I merely wished to remind you that I possess claims to your consideration and respect, as well as disadvantages that arouse your pity."

"Certainly, Colonel Little," I replied very kindly. "I appreciate all that."

Kate grew quite demonstrative.

"What is that noise?" the Colonel asked, alarmed and confused. "Did not some one laugh? Walls have ears, Miss Allen. Did you not hear some one?"

"The bay-window is open," I answered, "and the voices of persons passing can be easily heard in here."

He looked but half convinced.

"I had something else to say to you," he said, "but I will defer it. Will you go to the Hippodrome with me this evening? I assure you the very best people go, or I would not ask you."

"Oh! I will go with pleasure," I answered, and the Colonel almost jumped from the sofa, as a well defined laugh from Kate floated above our heads.

"I reckon I had better go," he said in an embarrassed way. "I will not stay too long or I will be laughed at. I will call for you at 7, Miss Allen. Good morning," and he bowed himself out of the room.

"It was the Hippodrome, Kate," I said maliciously, as I stumbled over her on the stairs.

"Yes, but he means more than Hippodrome. That's just an excuse. He

will propose to-night. O my cousin Alice! how will you stand it?"

"He shall not propose, Kate, if I can prevent him. But I do want to go to the Hippodrome, and with Colonel Little, too," I said, giving a scornful little laugh.

Kate stared at me and was immediately interested.

"Why?" she asked sententiously.

"I want Mr. Archie Ludlow to see me," I answered. "He is going to take Blanche Courtier to-night, and he was so ridiculous the other night as to laugh at poor Colonel Little, and then grow absurdly jealous because I defended him. I want to teach him a lesson."

"Take care," Kate said; "Blanche Courtier is an heiress, and you are not. To be sure Mr. Ludlow is immensely wealthy, but no one is indifferent to adding more to their possessions and estates."

"Nonsense!" I muttered, turning away toward my own room.

I went to the Hippodrome with Colonel Little, and he behaved very well, talking very little during the performance. He alarmed me by the length and immensity of his sighs, now and then, but I hoped by the time we started home he would have disposed in this way of all his dejection and sadness. I was in error.

It was a lovely moonlight night, and after walking some distance I remarked on its beauty.

No response was vouchsafed my exclamation, and silence reigned a little longer.

"I feel dreadfully!" the Colonel exclaimed, at last, in a voice most dramatic and hollow. I thought perhaps he was sick.

"I am sorry," I ventured to answer.

"No, you aren't," he said savagely; "you don't care a cent!"

"Very well."

Silence again.

"I do feel dreadfully!" was wailed forth again. I made no reply.

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked, reproachfully.

"It is a most beautiful night," I replied. I was exasperated with the Colonel and with myself. With him for his utter idiocy, and with myself for giving him this opportunity. Archie Ludlow had been at the Hippodrome, but not with Blanche Courtier, as I had been led to expect.

"You have no feelings, Miss Allen. You do not believe me, but I do feel dreadfully; upon honor, I do!"

"Well, I told you I was sorry. What is the matter?" I snapped.

"You know very well what I mean. You do not like me as much as I do you. That's it."

"Is that all?" I laughed. "Why, that is a common experience. I have no doubt I like dozens of persons better than they do me."

"You are determined not to be serious," he complained. "You are laughing at me. Maybe I had better stay away from you altogether. What do you say?"

"I leave that to you," I responded ungraciously.

"Well, then, I will not come to see you again."

"As you please, Colonel Little."

"You are unkind for the first time," he said piteously. "Come, walk up the square. Don't go in now, as we reached the steps. Come, please; I have something to say to you."

"It is too late to walk, Colonel. Besides, I am quite tired. Please ring the bell."

"You are tired? Oh, yes—tired of me. I understand. Tell me, shall I call again?"

"You have always called at this house, Colonel Little. Courtesy demands that of you. You will call, I presume, when it is proper to do so. I am indifferent to the number or duration of your visits."

The door opened just at this moment, and my cousin Henry bowed out a guest.

"Good-night, Colonel Little," I exclaimed, and slipped through the open door. Cousin Henry grasped both my hands, and drew me under the chandelier in the sitting-room.

"Cousin Alice, tell me every word Colonel Little said to you to-night."

There was a merry twinkle in the dear old gentleman's eyes, and a loving smile on his lips.

I told him what he asked.

"You would not think of accepting Colonel Little, of course," he said gently. "But how about Mr. Ludlow?"

"Mr. Ludlow has never asked me," I answered, in great confusion, but with some scorn.

"Go to bed, dear," he said, after a few minutes, and kissed me lightly on my forehead.

"To be, or not to be; that's the question," was shouted at me the next morning by one of my mischievous cousins.

"I do not see any sense in your quotation," I answered loftily.

"Oh, my! of course not. Are we to be Mrs. Colonel Little?"

"Never!" I retorted.

"Of course not," cousin Henry said, with a serious voice.

The mischievous cousin laughed scornfully.

"Didn't he propose?" Kate whispered, through her toast.

"No."

"Then he will be here again to-night," she said, mournfully.

"No, he will never come again. I am sure of that," I replied, with marked decision.

"He will tear his hair," said the mischievous cousin.

"Let him. I'd rather he'd tear his own than mine," I retorted.

"La! cousin Alice," said cousin Henry, in his most comical tone, "he could tear your hair all off, and it would not hurt you a bit."

"Hit him again; he's got no friends!" called out the mischievous one.

"Kate, let's *prose* here in the moonlight," I said, that evening.

"Agreed," answered Kate.

"Where is every body?" I asked as we settled ourselves in the cozy bay window.

"Papa's at Perly's, to play cards; mamma's undressed—has headache; Julius is at Berkeley's, of course. You don't want a light?"

"No, indeed. This is delightful. And I could always talk so much better in the dark."

"But Colonel Little will be sure to come," Kate complained.

"I have told you twenty times he would not."

"But he carried off your fan, and that was a ruse. He will come to return it."

We were deep in confidences and castle-building, when Kate suddenly exclaimed, "Cousin Alice, as I live, there is—Colonel—Little!"

And, sure enough, it was.

"Kate, if you leave me, I will die!" I whispered, as the Colonel came in.

He took a seat near Kate, and after a distant "Good evening" to me, did not address me. His conversation was exclusively for Kate.

Poor, martyred Kate! She endured it as long as she could, for my sake. But at last her patience gave out, and, with some half-murmured apology, she left me to my fate.

The Colonel came and sat down very near me. "Here is your fan. I carried it away last night, unintentionally."

"Thanks," I answered.

"I have come intending not to be laughed at, Miss Allen. I must have my answer. Is it to be yes or no?"

"I am not aware that you have asked me a question, Colonel Little."

"You know very well what I mean. I am not going to get on my knees to any woman."

"Men have to—to some women," I replied, nonchalantly.

"I will not. I never did, and never will. I will go into the field and be a mark for a bullet first."

"Oh," I said, laughing, "how very dramatic you are!"

"Is it yes or no?" he exclaimed.

I saw then that I had a serious matter to deal with.

"Colonel Little," I answered, more gently, "I believe you mean me to understand that you would make me an offer of marriage. I am obliged to say I can not marry you."

"You mean that?" he asked.

"I do."

"Nothing I can say will cause you to change your mind?"

"Nothing."

"So I am to consider I have my answer?"

"Yes, finally and definitely."

"Well, it hasn't been so hard as I thought it would be," and there was evident relief in his tones. I did not know whether he referred to the ordeal of proposing or to my refusal.

"You will soon recover," I said laughing.

"Oh, yes!"

"This isn't your first attack?"

"No, indeed; but, let me tell you, Miss Allen, it has been a pretty severe one. You are smart and handsome and well bred, and I thought I would be proud of you. I am not much of a fellow, I know, but I could be something—really, I could."

"You can be, I am sure," I answered patiently.

"No, I never will be, now."

"How long since your last attack, Colonel?" I asked maliciously.

"Let me see—why, it was last April! By Jove—I beg your pardon—that was only three months ago!" and the disconsolate Colonel laughed heartily.

"You will soon recover," I said.

"Yes."

"You will forget me in three weeks." "Probably shall!"

I laughed heartily with him.

A soft footstep sounded without on the hall oilcloth, and a tall, dark shadow came in between me and the moonlight, that poured through a window across the room.

"I beg pardon," said a musical voice that thrilled me through most divinely.

"I found the house dark, and the doors all open, and I heard laughter in here, and so came in without ringing."

"That was right, Mr. Ludlow," I replied, holding out my hand, and turning my chair around, so as to make room for him in the window recess.

Colonel Little rose, and, with more dignity than I had ever seen him wear before, said, "Mr. Ludlow, I have just proposed to Miss Allen, and have been not only rejected, but laughed at. I leave the field to you. Good-night."

And in a moment I was left alone with Archie Ludlow.

I drew closer to the window, frightened and mortified.

"Miss Alice," said the low voice, softly, "Colonel Little has done me a service—I—"

"Don't!" I exclaimed hotly, "don't say a word about—about—oh, dear!" and I broke down completely.

"I shall not say a word about any thing," he answered, putting his arms around me, and drawing me to him.

I struggled. "How dare you!" I exclaimed.

"Be quiet, little one! If you won't let me tell you how much I love you, you will let me kiss the woman who is to be my wife, won't you?"

And I did.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

## A Boy's Description of a Fight.

A lad, narrating a fight in which he had been engaged, said: "I'll tell you how it was. You see, Bill and me went down to the wharf to fish; and I felt in my pocket and found my knife, and it was gone; and I said, 'Bill, you stole my knife,' and he said I was another; and I said 'Go there yourself,' and he said it was no such thing; and I said he was a liar, and I could whip him if I was bigger'n him; and he said he'd rock me to sleep, mother; and I said he was a bigger one; and he said I never had the measles; and I said for him to fork over that knife, or I'd fix him for a tombstone at Cypress Hills; and he said my grandmamma was no gentleman; I said he dersh't take it up; but he did, you bet; you never—well you never did; then I got up again; and he tried to, but he didn't; and I grabbed him and threw him down on the top of me like several bricks; and I tell you it beat all—and so did he; and my little dog got behind Bill and bit him; and Bill kicked at the dog, and the dog ran, and I ran after the dog to fetch him back, and I didn't catch him till I got clear home; and I'll whip him more yet. Is my eye black?"

## Music in the Harem.

Felicien David, recently deceased, spent five years in the East. While he was in Cairo Mahomet Ali engaged him to teach the piano to the women of his harem. Felicien David went to the harem. The chief of eunuchs received him. The chief was attended by four other eunuchs, as fine specimens of Nubian negroes as could be seen. The chief of eunuchs said to Felicien David, speaking in his shrillest treble voice: "Would you be good enough to begin the lesson at once?" Felicien David answered: "Willingly. Where are the ladies?" The chief of eunuchs became furious. "What, dog of a ginour, do you expect to be introduced into the presence of the wives of his Highness? You must give the music lesson to us." "To you?" "Yes, to us. Teach us; you would have taught the ladies, and we will repeat the lesson to them." It was in vain Felicien David told the chief of eunuchs that he could not teach music in that way, and Felicien David was shown the door.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

## Emaciation a Remediable Defect.

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